THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

The friend of Socrates, the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of truth.

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FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE CAMELEON.....No. IX.

BY THOMAS FICKLE ESQ.

The great vault of heaven is obscured by dark impenetrable clouds. The sun has drawn in his radiant emanations, and nature looks gloomy and sad. A sympathetic depression pervades my soul...my heart, which a few hours since, was elated by the exhilirating aspect of nature, now sickens after amusement, and forcibly prompts me to avail myself of every resource to dispel those gloomy sensations which the horrid face of nature has inspired. Poetry and metaphysicks...logic and history had successively failed, when luckily the prescription of Shenstone came to my relief.

"In a heavy oppressive atmosphere," says this writer, "when the spirits sinks too low, the best cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends." With eagerness I followed the advice...and for the two last hours I've been agreeably employed in the perusal of a number of letters from my worthy friends, whose kindness, in being thus instrumental in relieving me from an unhappy sympathy, I cannot too strongly acknowledge.... Should my kind and amiable readers be pleased with the following letter from the friend of my bosom, I may, hereafter, be induced to lay before them, others, perhaps, more entertaining.

"I promised, my dear Eugenio, that absence should not banish him from my mind. My long silence, I am afraid, has almost created a suspicion in the bosom of my friend as to the sincerity of my professions. But when I tell him that I am surrounded by a galaxy of beauty, fashion, elegance, and polite accomplishment, he will, no doubt, at once seal my pardon.... *Balls-town,* is indeed, the central point to which the rays of splendour and fashion converge. This is now the fairy land... The Elysium...The Eden of America. The glooms of the desert are dispelled...the sterile earth becomes luxuriant...and the very air and heavens sympathise in life, and animation, with the gaiety which prevails.

"The sweets of social intercourse are here to be enjoyed in their highest perfection...and man, as you well know, without society, is indeed a wretched being.

"What a helpless creature by himself
"Is the proud lord of this inferiour world,
"Vain feeble man! the commoners of nature,
"Each wing that flies along the spacious sky
"Is less dependant than her boasting master."

"Thomson is right, for Paradise without Eve, would indeed have been a desert, and Ballstown, with society, is an Eden.... There are here, seven houses of entertainment, the most conspicuous of which (for fashionable and elegant society) is Bromlings "Sans Souci" hotel, a building of considerable magnitude and elegance, and admirably adapted for its destined purpose. This establishment, alone, can accommodate from two to three hundred persons. It may naturally be supposed that a house of this size would very generally be preferred on account of its extensive piazzas and large and airy chambers. This, indeed, is the fact to a ludicrous degree, for such is the rage for the *Sans Souci*, that such as are not fortunate enough to procure accommodations there are out of the immediate sphere of fashion, and far from fully participating in those pleasures which render this resort so highly desirable. And, although the accommodations as respects diet is scarcely to be tolerated, and considerably inferiour to the other houses, yet such is the infatuation that the prevailing apothegm is, "Come to Bromlings though you starve by it." This advice is implicitly followed by all who have it in their power, for such is the gallantry of the times that it is considered not the smallest sacrifice to yield the pleasures of the palate in exchange for those of the eyes, and the sweets of social converse.

"This rage for the Sans Souci, necessarily created some little jealousy between it and the other houses...but, as the superiority is so vastly in favour of the former, it becomes the fashionable *rendezvous* for the company from the latter...and thus it is, that our balls exhibit a scene, which, in point of elegance and fashion may vie with any at Bath, Harrowgate or Brighthelmstone.

"The hotel is confessedly the resort for all such as make sport and conviviality their sole object. The churlish bachelor, or the splenetick old maid...the cautious father, or the close-fisted Crœsus...the listless expletive, or the dissipated bacchanalian, are characters altogether unknown in this *microcosm* of fashion. ...But the accomplished gentleman...the elegant lady...the insipid beau...the sprightly coquette...the *dashing blade*...and the merry-making buffoon, all in social gaiety, "swim along, and swell the mazy dance."

"The amusements of this place are various, but principally billiards, chess, back gammon, cards, balls, reading parties, re-

citations, Stewart's lectures, midnight g.....g parties, midnight pie parties, excursions to the lakes, &c.

"Belonging to the Sans Souci are five billiard tables...one of which is exclusively appropriated to the ladies.

"The reading parties are composed of ladies, who, having a taste for the beauties of sentiment and composition, retire to a room, and appoint one of their party, most remarkable for a superiour style of reading, to peruse some favourite pieces of poetick or prose composition. This agreeably beguiles an hour, whilst it conveys a two-fold instruction to the hearers.

"Another method, in which a morning is frequently spent, is in attending Stewart's lectures. This eccentric, half-crazed being, has long been endeavouring to evolve the metaphysical complexures with which his prolifick imagination is constantly presenting him. His wisdom and knowledge, the result of great lucrubation, and the experience of fifty years, has been just sufficient to stamp him the fool and infidel, yet the senseless lectures of this man are eagerly attended, and whilst through curiosity numbers hear him, they do not seem to consider that they measurably participate in his guilt, since they give him the means of promulgating his infamous doctrines elsewhere. As for Mrs. ....., she most kindly vouchsafes to instruct the fashionables in the mysterious art of reading, by reciting what every school-boy has learned and conn'd by rote, before he could well fashion his pot-hooks and hangers...but the thing is novel ..,time is spent, and that is sufficient.

"Not an evening passes without a ball, which is well attended from all the other houses. Few rooms, perhaps, in the world, exhibit a more gay and brilliant scene than this...for, as you know, we have several of the diamonds of our charming city who are, I assure you, exceedingly admired. To describe to you the rapture with which the beaux and belles of this place speak of our fair ones, would be far beyond my powers. As well might I attempt

> "To gild refined gold—to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet," &c.

"The ladies spare no pains in the decoration of their persons and in appearing with those graces which are so highly captivating to the female admirer. The gentlemen, also, are attentive to their dress and manners, and are resolved to be happy themselves, and if possible to make others equally so.

"The midnight g.....g parties consist of wives, who give a decided preference to the pleasures of shuffling and dealing, to those of social and domestic life...of giddy girls who had much rather lose their money than be thought uninformed or unskilled in any fashionable amusement. And of thoughtless youths who are far too gallant to decline playing with the ladies, or even to avail themselves of the advantages which their superiour know-

ledge of the game would give them. These honourable personages, after the ball, or other amusement of the evening is over spend a few hours *towards morning*, in this delectable manner.

"The pie parties take place much about the same period. The pantry being deprived of some of its contents, the ladies, in parties, repair to a chamber, and regale themselves on apple-pies and custards, cheese and porter.

"You will ask me, my dear Eugenio, when the ladies sleep? Never, my dear fellow...sleep is unfashionable and excessively vulgar. The windings of this castle-like house, are animated by sprightly conversation, loud peals of laughter, and merry songs at all hours of the day and night...so that if you were ever inclined to be unfashionable, you might as well attempt to sleep in Bedlam as at the Sans Souci. I could write to you of this place for a month, but I feel that you begin to think me tiresome.....Adieu for the present."

For the Observer.

REMARKS ON QUARANTINES.

SUGGESTED BY DR. CALDWELL'S ORATION.

Continued from p. 10.)

The *Œstris Equi.* Perhaps it will be necessary to apologise for the alteration of the Linnæan name, *Bovis*, to that of *Equi*, as the former, if retained, would continue to convey a very erroneous idea; and it would, without doubt, have been changed by Linnæus himself, had he been in possession of these facts, who considered trivial names not as the fetters to science, but as temporary conveniences, to be altered or retained as time and further discovery might prove them to be just. On the other hand, wanton and unnecessary alteration, on slight pretences, certainly cannot be too much reprobated. The mode pursued by the parent fly to obtain for its young a situation in the stomach of the horse is truly singular, and is effected in the following manner: When the female has been impregnated, and the eggs are sufficiently matured, she seeks among the horses a subject for the purpose, and approaching it on the wing, she holds her body nearly upright in the air, and her tail, which is lengthened for the purpose, curved inwards and upwards: in this way she approaches the part where she designs to deposite the egg; and suspending herself for a few seconds before it, suddenly darts upon it and leaves the egg adhering to the hair: she hardly appears to settle, but merely touches the hair with the egg held out on the projected part of the abdomen. The egg is made to attach by means of a glutinous liquor secreted with it. The liquor dries, and the egg becomes firmly glued to the hair. This is repeated by various flies, till 4 or 500 eggs

are placed on one horse. The horses have no dread of this fly, nor are they aware of its insidious purposes, as they derive from it no immediate injury. It may well be denominated the Lion of this species.

The inside of the knee is the part on which these flies are most fond of depositing their eggs...and next to this, on the side and back part of the shoulder...and less frequently, on the extreme ends of the hairs of the mane. It is a fact well worthy of attention, that the fly does not place them promiscuously about the body, but constantly on those parts which are most liable to be licked with the tongue, and the *ova*, are, therefore, scrupulously placed within the reach of that operation. We have here a striking proof of design in the supreme author of all things. The eggs are placed on the inside of the knees as being within the reach of the tongue; on the sides and back of the shoulders where it can also reach; but the eggs are likewise placed on the sides of the neck as far as the ears...a circumstance not noticed by Mr. Clark; and in order to secure the preservation of those that are so placed, and which are out of the reach of the assailed animal, two horses, whenever they meet, have a propensity given them to bite and lick those very parts, thus reciprocally affording an asylum to enemies that are hereafter to prove their destroyers. To attribute these several procedures of placing the eggs only in such places as were liable to be swept off by the tongue, or to the propensity in horses to lick, almost exclusively their knees and sides, or the necks and shoulders of each other, to any power of reasoning, assuredly comports very little with the phenomina which abound in nature.

The Almighty, when he constructed his works in infinite diversity, abundantly provided for their perpetuation. This was effected, with respect to vegetables and animals, by giving to them a tendency to multiply to excess, and by giving that excess as food, in vegetables to animals, and in animals to each other. This admirable plan preserves order in endless variety; the fertility of the earth supplies all the necessary wants of the vegetables; the animals remove from it the exuberance. The prolificacy of the animals in every species, gives a superfluity, which it is necessary likewise to remove, and this is effected by their being very generally made food for each other, and also, the means of mutual conservation in the asylum they afford for the young which prey upon them, as we see happens to the horse. In the execution of the whole of this plan, there is a conspicuous regard to œconomy...there is nothing suffered to go to waste, nor is there ever more of any thing employed than the exigencies of each require. With respect to animals, this equally obtains both as to body and intellect. A disposition is given to each animal to seek its appropriate food...but in what the fitness of this consists, is equally a secret to all that exist. The care of one species is to deposite their eggs in a proper place,

but having no faculties that can be further beneficial, here their solicitude ceases. To another species is assigned the task of conveying these eggs to a suitable situation, where they will be hatched, and the young supplied with proper food...or if hatched before their removal, where the offspring will be adequately accommodated...and this, as we have seen, is often effected by those, who, in consequence of the performance of that duty, sacrifice their own lives. Here the wisdom of concealing the effect, and of imparting no information further than is necessary for accomplishing the immediate purpose, is conspicuously evident. The œstri, of which we treat, are led, they know not why, to deposite their eggs on a particular part of the horse.... These, when they develope, produce a sense of itching, for it is alone in their developed state they can produce this effect.... This the horses endeavour to gratify, and thus, without any possibility of knowing what is intended, the design is fully accomplished. Each has a part assigned...this must be performed ; but an idea cannot exist in one, of that which belongs to another...the exercise, therefore, of reasoning, or the operation of instinct beyond what is required of each individual, must be illusory.

When the eggs that have been deposited on the hair have remained for four or five days, they become ripe and the larva developes. It is then the sense of itching is created, and it is the gratification of this sense, that conveys the infant worms to their proper residence. They adhere to the tongue and are conveyed with the food into the stomach. These insects attach themselves to every part of that bowel ; but are generally most numerous about the pylorus, or most depending aperture which affords an exit for the food.

Their number in the stomach is various, often not more than half a dozen, at others, more than a hundred, and they are sometimes found in a multitude. They hang most commonly in clusters, being fixed by their small end to the inner membrane, to which they adhere by means of two small hooks or tentacula, such as are observable in œstris bovis. The body of the larva is composed of eleven segments, all of which, except the two last, are surrounded with a double row of horney bristles, directed towards the truncated end, and are of a reddish colour except the points, which are black. They evidently receive their food at the small end by a longitudinal aperture, which is situated between the two hooks or *tentacula*.

Their food is probably the chyle, in their expenditure of which they must necessarily rob the horse of a portion of the requisite nourishment, and this must be injurious, according to the number of these parasites. They are extremely tenacious of life : the drastic purges, opium in large doses, and even tobacco have very little effect upon them. When removed from the stomach, a deep impression remains where they adhered...when,

therefore, we consider their mechanical action...the quantity of nutrition which, when in great numbers they must expend, and the distraction they must occasion in the digestive organs, it is impossible they can fail to be often fatal to the sources of their preservation.

Mr. Clark has discovered a mistake which has long prevailed respecting the œstris hœmorhoidalis. It has been hitherto generally believed among naturalists, that the female fly enters the anus of the horse, and there, in a very extraordinary manner, deposites its eggs. That such a process may have existence in nature...that the opportunity afforded by this animal in the protrusion and unfolding the internal covering of the rectum, after the exclusion of the fœceis, is neither impossible, nor even improbable...but such a process has not yet been correctly traced.

Our author appears to have been the first who described the mode in which this fly deposites its *ova*. Repeated opportunities afforded him the means of speaking of it with certainty :

The part chosen by the fly in question, is the lips of the horse for depositing its eggs. The operation, contrary to what happens from a similar act of the œstrus last described, proves very distressing to the animal, from the excessive titillation it occasions...for he immediately rubs his mouth against the ground, his forelegs, or sometimes against a tree...or if two are standing together, they often rub themselves against each other. As the horse here experiences much pain, his enemy becomes fully known to him ; at the sight of it he is much agitated, and moves his head backwards in the air to avoid its touch ; but the fly, watching its favourable opportunity, darts on the lips, and continues to repeat the act several times : till at length, finding this mode of defence insufficient, the enraged animal endeavours to avoid it by galloping to a distant part of the field. If it still continues to teaze him, his last resource is in the water, which, as we have already seen, is highly offensive to all the œstri tribe.

At other times, this œstrus gets between the fore-legs of the horse, as he is grazing, and thus finds an opportunity to penetrate his under lip. The titillation occasions the horse to stamp violently with his fore-feet against the ground, and often strikes, as if aiming a blow at the fly. They also, sometimes, hide themselves in the grass, and as the horse stoops to graze, they dart on the mouth or lips, and are always observed to poise themselves in the air, for a few seconds, while the egg is portruding to the point from which it is to issue.

When several of these flies are confined in a close place, they have a particularly strong fusty smell, and both sheep and horses, when traced by them, are observed to look into the grass and to smell it very anxiously ; if they by these means, discover the fly, they immediately decamp from the infested spot.

The *Œstrus Ovis*....The manner in which this species deposites its *ova*, has not, it is believed, been described, previous to this communication of Mr. Clark. It is not, he observes, easy to see in what way this is accomplished, however close to the animal at the time, owing to the obscure colour and rapid motion of the fly, and the extreme agitation of the sheep; but the motions of the sheep afterwards, and the mode of defence it takes to avoid the threatened danger, can leave but little doubt that the egg is deposited on the inner margin of the nostril.

The moment the fly touches this part of the sheep, they shake their heads, and strike the ground violently with their forefeet; at the same time holding their noses close to the earth, they run away, looking about them on every side, to see if the fly pursues: they also smell to the grass as they go, lest one should be lying in wait for them. If they observe one, they gallop back, or take some other direction. As they cannot, like the horses, take refuge in the water, they have recourse to a rut, or dry dusty road, or gravel pits, where they croud together during the heat of the day, with their noses held close to the ground, which renders it difficult for the fly to get conveniently at the nostril. The nostrils, from repeated attacks, and the consequent rubbing against the ground, inflame and become sore, which may in some measure account for the dread in which they are held by the sheep; it may however be safely allowed that all enemies which inflict pain and uneasiness, and in the act of doing this are capable of being seen, are instinctively objects of dread, in every species of animal.

The larva are nearly as large as Œstris Equi, of a delicate white colour, flat on the under side, and convex on the upper; having no spines at the divisions of the segements, though they are provided with *tentacula* at the small end. The other end is truncated with a prominent ring or margin, which serves the same purpose in an inferiour degree as the lips of the Œstris Equi, by occasionally closing over and cleaning the horney plate. When this margin opens after closing over the plate, it occasions frequently a slight snap from the sudden admission of the air.

They move with considerable quickness, holding with the *tentacula* as a fixed point, and drawing up the body towards them. On the under side is placed a broad line of dots, which, on examination with glasses, appear to be rough points, serving perhaps the double purpose of assisting their passage over the smooth and lubricated surfaces of the membranes they inhabit, and of exciting also a degree of inflammation in them, where they rest, so as to cause a secretion of lymph or pus for their food.

These animals in their larva state, are mostly found in the horns and prontal sinuses; it is remarkable that the membranes lining these cavities have not discovered inflammation, whilst in

those of the maxillany sinues it has been evident, arterial branches are much more liberally supplied to the latter than to the former, and the presence of these is necessary to the existance of inflammation.

This excellent account of the Œstri, as already premised, is taken from Mr. Clark. An apology will not, I presume, be deemed necessary for transposition, and the introduction of my own remarks, as appeared to suit my purpose, nor for having omitted to distinguish these liberties from the words of the very respectable author, as it would have occasioned an interruption to the narrative, which would have been useless to those who are unacquainted with the work, and will be obvious to such as are... He has annexed some ingenious observations on the whole genus which are not, in general, relevant to my views. In one opinion I most heartily agree with him.

" Though the attention of naturalists is at present chiefly occupied with the formation of a nomenclature and descriptions to every object of science ; yet this, though difficult and highly important, is not so much the ultimate aim of natural history as a knowledge of their œconomy and properties, as from these we are taught the most effectual means of avoiding the consequences of the injurious ;" whether any merit our protection may admit of a question.

As to his doubts respecting the evils derivable from this tribe of insects, and his conjectures that they often prove serviceable, they are in unison with that extraordinary fascination of the mind which so generally prevails amongst the learned, to reject the evidence of their senses with respect to diseases, and to refer them to occult rather than to obvious causes. To alledge that the botts, capable of multiplying as he has ascertained, should rather operate as a preservative from than a cause of disorder, is denying what is proved, and admitting what is incapable of proof. In consulting Linnæus, there is scarcely any quadruped that is not recorded to be subject to their depredations nor does the human species escape them. They deposit their eggs under the skin of the belly of the natives of South-America ; the larva, if it be disturbed, penetrates deeper, and produces an ulcer which frequently becomes fatal.

(To be Continued.)

POLITICAL.

For the Observer.

FRANCE.....CONCLUDED.

There are yet many inexhaustible sourses of future woe for the French, which must essentially contribute to fill up the measure of their misfortunes. I allude to the enormous mass of *ha-*

tred and *vengeance*, which the insolent yoke, and the outrages to which their rulers have compelled all nations to submit ; which the fear of the power of France, and even jealousy of her glory, must naturally excite, and nourish against her in the hearts of every foreign people. I would speak of the profound and well merited *contempt*, which a nation must draw upon herself, whose government has not less dishonoured than corrupted her, by a horrible and universal system of ESPIONAGE, which renders alike suspicious in the stranger, every one who comes from this vortex of calamity...alike, the honourable and the most odious. For who can be ignoraut, that no title can enable an upright man, tho' he were even proscribed, and were he an Aristides, or a Themistocles, to reap at a distance, the fruit of his valour, his persecutions, his sacrifices, and his integrity ; nor shelter him from suspicions the most cruel and humiliating, the most injurious to his interests and shocking to his delicacy !

Yet who can too bitterly complain of this ; when it is so well known that every order of citizens in France and its dependencies ; that all classes most distinguished by their functions, their connxtions, their education ; by the part they have acted for ten years, and even those whom delicacy should have raised above such infamy, have had no difficulty in prostituting themselves to this basest ministry, to this office more vile than that of the lowest executioner ; and that every disguise, even the most sacred forms are prophaned, to deceive, corrupt and disturb the whole universe ! to accomplish the purpose of making dupes and victims ! ! !

The hatred, the fears, the contempt, and the *horrour* which must arise from this infernal system, peculiar to the *French revolution*, are such, that when Europe, when all nations shall be delivered from the bug-bear, which at present palsies them with dread ; the day on which France shall lose the ascendency which terrour has given her, and which, like the head of Medusa, seems to have petrified all governments ; it may be boldly predicted, that an universal *reaction*, will retort the legions of France, upon her own bosom ; that it will DISMEMBER IT ; that it will erase the GREAT NATION from the list of powers, even of the *second order*, and reduce her to the situation of Poland, as every nation has not failed to prove, it was their unjust and ambitious project.

It is then that the fate of individuals of this nation, dispersed over the globe, will not be better nor more honourable than was that of the Jews. Hitherto, at the sight of a Hebrew, we have been afraid at least, only of finding a knave...but henceforth, in meeting an unfortunate Frenchman, we shall tremble at the idea of having beside us, a Septembrizer of Robespierre's...a *Noyeur* (1) of Carrier's.....an *Explorator* of Talleyrand's or

(1) A person employed in drowning others.

Fouche's...for I repeat it, these remembrances, as these names, will *never* be forgotten.

It would not be difficult to form numerous and piquant conjectures upon the occasion, which may decide the famous epocha which I foresee, and of which I have just spoken. I shall not express them, however, but shall analyze them all in asking, if there is a single reasonable being, who can suppose the unravelling of this terrible drama very far distant? what thinking being, possessing the least information, can for a moment entertain a doubt, or question, that all military despotisms must engender military revolutions, and incite generals and armies to war, amongst each other, as it happened at the death of Alexander?

Who is there, whose imagination could be so romantic, and whose head so weak, as to believe that a nation so *decrepit* as is France, can renew itself, by the means we have seen it employ, and like the Phœnix, arise from its own ashes in more resplendant glory. This thought is brilliant in *fable*, but in *history* will never be realised. The daughters of Pelias could alone believe, that in throwing the members of their father into a boiling cauldron, he could arise from it with renovated youth and vigour.

However, the evils of which I have spoken, as attendant on the French nation, are true and indisputable...they are the universal hatred she has inspired, the fruit of her pride and her rapine..the mass of proscriptions which successively strike all classes of the nation, at home as well as abroad...her slavery, which is the fruit of her *sovereignty*. The French had believed, as said J. Jacques Rousseau, *that to be free, it was enough to be seditious*, and they accused the government of weakness, which carelessly tolerated their mutinies and their turbulence. Never did a people more astonishingly realise the fate of those frogs, who importuned Jupiter until he took away from them the formidable but harmless log which he had given them for a king, and tiezed him until he had given them in his place the carnivorous bird who devoured them.

Thus, then are already avenged...thus will be still more completely expiated by the revolutions which will mark every succeeding year, the murders of Louis the XVI, of the queen M. Antoinetta, of the young Louis the XVII, the princess Elizabeth... the princess de Lamballe, and the duke D'Enghein...thus will be slowly and solemnly expiated, the Noyades of the Loire, and the flames and ravages of la Vendee...and the assassination of children in the arms, and even in the wombs of their mothers! and the *Mitraillaides* of the South...and the Septembrisages of Paris...and the *Auto da fe* of Rheims,(1) executed to the sound of

(1) At Rheims they run through noblemen and priests with pikes and pitchforks, and roasted them on a pile, raised upon the Place Royal M. de Montrosier, formerly commandant of Lisle, was one of these victims: they cut off his head, which they carried to the bed of his wife, who was then dangerously ill of the small-pox.

the Carmagnole and the Manseillois hymn...and the endless fusillades of the military commissions and the hidden slaughters of the *Special Tribunals* (1) *and the clandestine executions of the consular and imperial inquisition*...and the ruin of Switzerland and Italy...and the universal overthrow of honour and humanity... and the *mockery* of all principle and religion, and in short the *disturbance of all social order!*

But it is time to terminate this retrospect, which it would be much easier to prolong than to limit. But if I have not dreamt all the facts I have here cited, deny the existence of a Providence, and then you may believe also in the impunity of so many crimes, formed to revolt all who can form any idea of justice. As for my part, at the risk of raising a smile on the lip of those who denominate themselves men of *genius*, I avow, that I believe firmly, by the contemplation of the past, that eternal justice will not confine itself to the examples already so striking, which have been enumerated in the course of these *criminations*, and the anecdotes which are attached to them. And when I raise the funereal veil which covers futurity, I cannot help exclaiming *Mucro Domini usquequo non quiesces!*

Yes, little does it import me, that struck with the fever of philosophy, which has caused this revolutionary epidemic, that yet pursues and ruins them on every side, even estimable and worthy men, should attribute to *chance* (as if vacancy could command an effect) the concatenation of these events! little does it import me that they deny their relation and connexion with the existence of *good* and *evil*.

I, *who admit not materialism*, am happy to indemnify myself for the triumph of crime, in reposing on the idea of sovereign justice, which will at least remember to man, the sacrifices so *often unknown*, which he may make to his duty and to virtue; if this hope were but a puerility, what are these duties, what this *virtue*, and by what right could it be made, I will not say an obligation, but how could its name seriously be proffered? Do we not see, by this monstrous system, *good* and *evil*, *just* and *unjust*, would be reduced to simple seemingness, to which every one might set limits, according to the degree of his intelligence, his knowledge, and the nature and strength of his passions? If this should be the case, then will neither France nor Robes-

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(1) The *Special Tribunals*, are the revolutionary tribunals of Bonaparte. In a letter which Abrial, the then minister of *justice*, had published some time after the institution of these pretended tribunals, this chief of *justice* said, that such had been the indefatigable activity of these tribunals, that during the two months which had just elapsed, they had *purged* the republic of *more than* 1200 *rascals*. And at this very time, it was said and published on every side at Paris, that no more was heard of arrestations, nor of executions!!

pierre, nor any of his successors have been to blame; then success *is virtue itself*...and all *honesty* in fact, but nonsense!

Ah! if the Eumenides never disturb the souls of the criminal "*if*," as the poet has said, "*remorse never gnaws the heart of the fortunate hypocrite;*" if we are not destined to see with our own eyes, the fall of the *Titans* who make war against Heaven, with as much fury as against men; *all* tells us at least, that their triumph and their security can be but ephemeral, and that the torrents of woes which will succeed each other to annihilate criminal France, will serve for ever, as a lesson to the people of the earth. Entirely penetrated with these ideas, I shall terminate this long course of reflections and of *facts*, with these lines that should make tyrants tremble, even on their thrones, and should pour balm into the heart of the upright man:

Oui, vous qui, de l'Olympe usurpant le tonnere,
Des eternelles Lois renversez les autels;
Làches oppresseurs de la terre,
Tremblez! vous étes immortels!

Et vous, vous du malheur victimes passagères,
Sur qui veillent d'un Dieu les regards paternels;
Voyageurs d'un moment aux terres etrangeres;
Consolez vous! vous étes immortels! (1) M. A.

(We translate this literally for those readers who do not understand French.)

Yes, you who usurp the thunder of Olympus, who reverse the altars of eternal law....Base oppressors of the earth....Tremble! you are immortal! And you, transient victims of misfortune, over whom watch the paternal regards of the Divinity... travellers of a moment, in a strange land; console yourselves, you are immortal!

N. B. In the course of these criminations, the article of *Venice* was forgotten, which should have made a part of that published in *Vol.* 1, *No.* 9; as it is very short, and it forms a necessary part of this curious picture of the affairs of our age, we shall give it in our next number.

(1) The celebrated Abbe de Lille's ode to immortality.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

11*th July*, 1795, bread cost 3 dollars per pound, at Paris.

11*th July*, 1798, Suwarrow defeated general Macdonald near Parma. The French lost 10,000 men and 4 generals.

VARIETY.

NOBLEMEN TURNED CRITICKS.

A cardinal having caused a statue to be made at Rome, by the great *Angelo*, when it was finished came to inspect it; and having, for some time, sagaciously considered it, poring now on the face, then on the arms, the knees, the form of the leg, and, at length, on the foot itself; the statue being of such perfect beauty, he found himself at a loss to display his powers of criticism, but by lavishing his praise. But he recollected, that only to praise, might appear as if there had been an obtuseness in the keenness of his criticism. He trembled to find a fault, but a fault must be found. At length, he ventured to mutter something concerning the nose; it might, he thought, be something more Grecian. *Angelo* differed from his Grace, but he said he would attempt to gratify his taste. He took up his chissel, and concealed some marble-dust in his hand; and, feigning to retouch the part, he adroitly let fall some of the dust he held concealed. The cardinal observing it as it fell, transported at the idea of his critical acumen, exclaimed..." Ah, *Angelo!* you have now given to it an inimitable grace!"

Louis XIV. has all his foibles forgiven by posterity, when they contemplate the munificent patronage he bestowed on men of letters. The splendours of royalty, and the trophies of ambition, may elevate the voice of adulation; but they expire with the hero and the monarch. The beneficial influence of literature is felt through successive ages; and they, indeed, are the benefactors of mankind, who bestow on posterity their most refined pleasures, and their most useful speculatious.

Voltaire, indeed, confesses, that the great characters of the literary republick were formed without the aid of academies. For what then, he asks, are they necessary? To preserve and nourish, he says, the fire which great geniuses have kindled.

From the form of salutation among different nations we may learn something of their character, at least of their manner....In the southern provinces of China the common people ask, '*Ya Fan*,' that is, 'Have you eaten your rice?' For in this lies their great felicity. If two Dutchmen meet in the morning, they wish each other a good appetite, '*smaakelyk ceten.*' In Cairo the inhabitants ask, 'How do you sweat?' for the not sweating is the symptom of an approaching fever. The Italian and Spaniard asks, 'How does it stand?' '*Come sta?*' The Frenchman, 'How do you carry yourself?' '*Comment vous portez vous?*' The German, 'How do you find yourself?' *Wie befinden sie sich?*

The Englishman, 'How do you do?' In the three latter enquiries, we see the characteristick reference to shew, reflection, and activity. The Dutchman says, 'How do you fare?' '*How vaart uwe ?*' There is one nation (we forget which) which asks, 'how do you live?' and this is surely the most rational of all.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[We publish this verbatim, changing only the editor's name.]

For the Observer.

Mrs. Ironside,

Wishing through the medium of your useful paper to give vent to my heavy heart, I hope it may meet your approbation, if it should, you may rely on hearing from me, possibly on a more pleasing theme, and may in time become a useful correspondant.

J. S. H.

ON ELIZA.

Thy majestic form endowed with every grace,
Ah ! too far comparative to all thy race !
Has so far Eliza gained my conjuration,
That I am sacred to thee on my salvation.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Dear Mrs. Beatrice,

Oblige a particular friend by publishing in your "Observer" the following inimitable "Ode," written by Mrs. Sheridan, wife of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, and mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan Esq. author of "Sidney Biddulph," &c. &c.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

Unaw'd by threats, unmov'd by force
My steady soul pursues her course,
Collected, calm, resign'd;
Say you who search with curious eyes
The source whence human actions rise,
Say whence this turn of mind.

'Tis Patience—Lenient Goddess hail
Oh ! let thy votary's vows prevail,
Thy threaten'd flight to stay;
Long hast thou been a welcome guest,
Long reign'd an inmate in this breast
And ruled with gentle sway.

Through all the various turns of fate
Ordain'd me in each several state

My wayward lot has known;
What taught me silently to bear,
To curb the sigh, to check the tear
When sorrow weighed me down.

'Twas Patience—Temperate Goddess stay;
For still thy dictates I obey,
Nor yield to passion's power;
Though by injurious foes borne down,
My fame, my toil, my hopes o'erthrown
In one ill-fated hour.

When robb'd of what I held most dear,
My hands adorn'd the mournful bier,
Of her I lov'd so well;
What, when mute sorrow chain'd my tongue,
As o'er the sable hearse I hung,
Forbade the tide to swell.

'Twas Patience—Goddess ever calm!
Oh! pour into my breast thy balm,
That antidote to pain;
Which flowing from thy nectar'd urn,
By chemistry divine can turn
Our losses into gain.

When sick and languishing in bed,
Sleep from my restless couch had fled,
(Sleep which even pain beguiles)
What taught me calmly to sustain
A fev'rish being racked with pain,
And dress'd my looks in smiles?

'Twas Patience.—Heav'n-descended maid,
Implor'd, flew swiftly to my aid,
And lent her fostering breast;
Watch'd my sad hours with parent care,
Repell'd the approaches of despair,
And sooth'd my soul to rest.

Say, when dissevered from his side,
My friend, protector and my guide,
When my prophetic soul,
Anticipating all the storm,
Saw danger in its direst form,
What could my fears controul?

'Twas Patience.—Gentle Goddess hear.
Be ever to thy suppliant near,
Nor let one murmur rise,
Since still some mighty joys are given,
Dear to her soul the gifts of heaven
The sweet domestic ties.

M. D.